



MY MOTHERLAND

BY  
GRANT BALFOUR.



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"And battlemented castle height"

# My Motherland

By  
**GRANT BALFOUR**  
Author of  
“Canada, My Home”  
etc.

Second Edition

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at the Department of Agriculture.



"At even, when my peace has come"

## My Motherland



THOU, my soul, ignoring night,  
Thou searchlight far transcending day !  
How swift thy race !  
Nor rock may check, nor tempest stay,  
Nor lightning rival in thy flight  
Thro' farthest space.

At even, when my peace has come,  
My spirit flies in filial love,  
At my command,  
Athwart the wave and far above  
The cradled bird, to yonder home —  
My Motherland.

As one in patriot-impulse lost,  
Who would a soothing song outpour  
To calm the heart,  
O wondrous Land ! I near thy shore  
Thy snowy surf and jagged coast —  
Thou mighty mart.



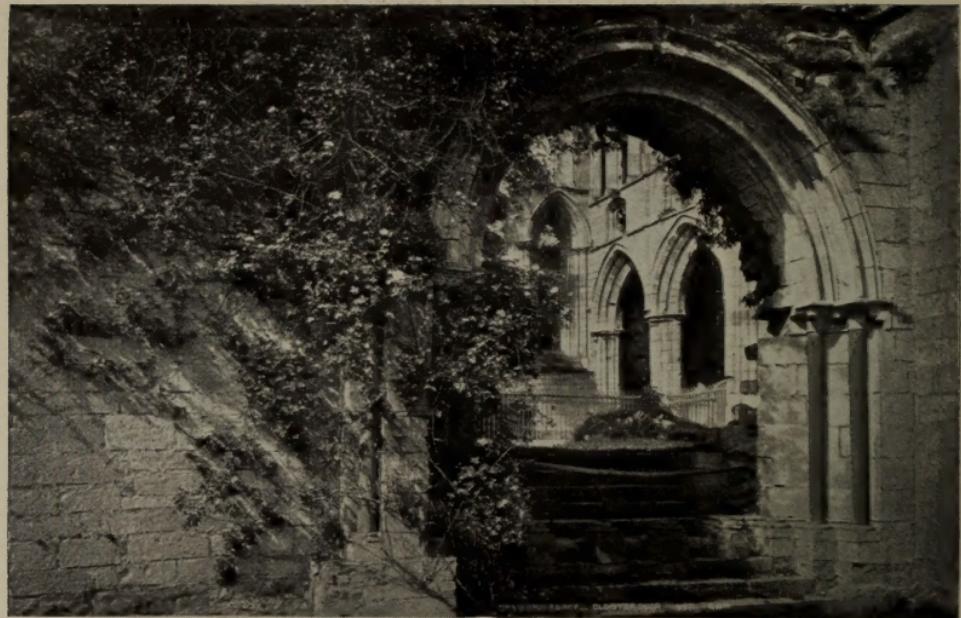
"Thy snowy surf and jagged coast"



IKE stately, crowded, forest trees—  
The glory of our western soil—  
Thy masts upstand,  
Proud symbols of victorious toil,  
Thro' rival fleets and wrathful seas,  
To every land.

The gates of Europe feel thy hold,  
Yea, Earth's wide waters see thy sway  
Of naval might;  
And thy best children reverent pray,  
That Britain ever may uphold  
The might of right.

Devoted Britons shed their blood  
That fettered Freedom might be free,  
And by their life  
Made men a higher vision see  
In purple moor and darkling wood,  
In righteous strife.



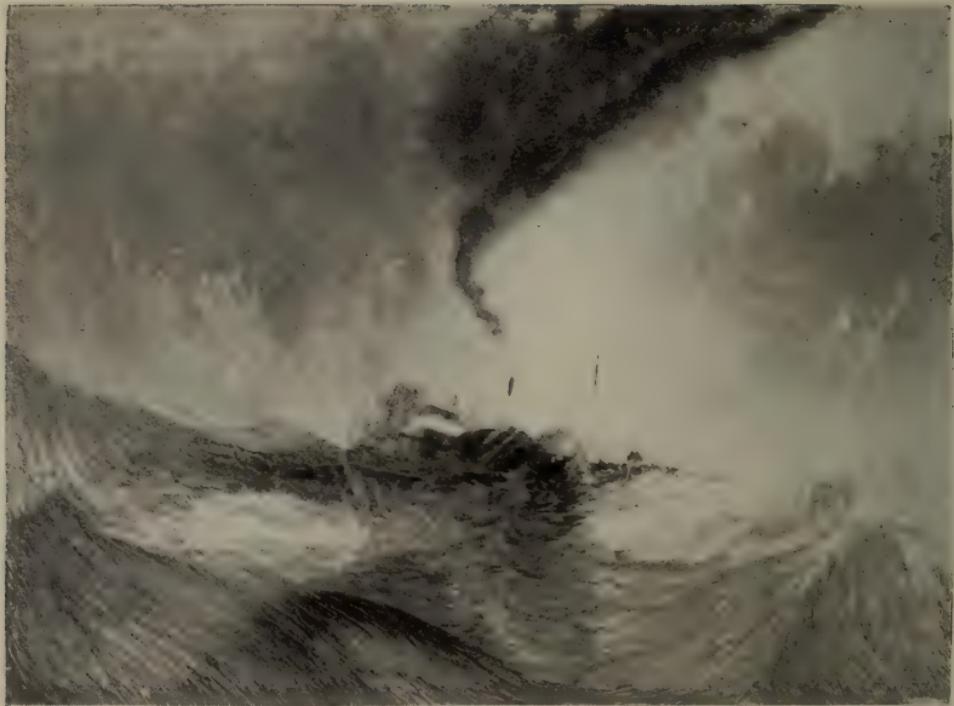
"In wrecked cathedral, abbey gray"



HERE may I tread thy sacred ground—  
In cloister-vale, on beacon-hill,  
    Or by the sea,  
By Rome-bridged stream or lowly rill—  
And not find history profound,  
    O Isles, in thee ?

In tortuous street, dark alley-way  
And battlemented castle height,  
    With dungeon cold,  
In ivied church with softened light,  
In wrecked cathedral, abbey gray,  
    With tombstone old ?

I wend my way in reverent quest,  
'Mid monuments upraised and spoiled  
    By hoary years;  
I've mused in fields my fathers toiled,  
And now—I read the end, their rest,  
    From toil and tears.



"A light beyond the blinding wave"



H Motherland! who, tearful gave  
Thy sons and daughters, leaving thee  
For lands afar,  
The Book of hope, inspiring, free,  
A light beyond the blinding wave,  
Their guiding star.

Britannia, mother of the free,  
Ancestral home and ethic school  
Of influence rare,  
Imperial, democratic rule—  
What shall we render unto thee  
For all thy care?

The captive Jew, by Babel's stream,  
The curse invoked with quenchless will,  
In fealty grand—  
That his right hand might lose her skill,  
If he forgot his people's dream—  
Their hallowed land.



"Can I forget the bond of blood?"



KNEEL in no taskmaster land  
When I, beseeching Israel's God,  
Remember thee:  
Can I forget the bond of blood,  
And to thy love, my Motherland,  
A traitor be?

I love the dream of the oak tree strong,  
Of heather wild and foxglove bell  
That lures the bee;  
I breathe the dew-filled clover smell,  
And in the raptured skylark's song  
I'm lost in thee.

Sweet shamrock, triple heart in one,  
Be thou the symbol, sacred, sure,  
Of union fast  
With England's rose, responsive, pure,  
And Scotland's thistle— be ye one  
While nations last.



"Among the nations thou art queen"



DWELL where golden prairies bloom,  
Where streams and inland seas renew  
The thirsty loam,  
Where virgin forests sigh in gloom,  
And snow-coned mountains cleave the blue  
Resplendent dome.

I dwell where the voice of hopeful morn  
Awakes a nation, youthful, free,  
To grasp the hand  
Of earth-transforming Energy,  
And lo! industrious hands adorn  
Our gladdened land.

We praise our God for the golden scene,  
For freedom's breath from sea to sea,  
For our glad land,  
And grateful praise we give for thee—  
Among the nations thou art queen—  
My Motherland.





